THE WAY OF PEACE

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The Way of Peace

Three Devotional Addresses to Women

"To guide our feet into the way of peace."
St. Luke 1; 79

BY THE
REV. FREDERICK C. GRANT, S.T.D.
Trinity Church, Chicago

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TO MY BISHOP
THE RIGHT REVEREND
CHARLES PALMERSTON ANDERSON, D.D.
BISHOP OF CHICAGO

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PREFACE

The following addresses were given at the Quiet Day for the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Chicago held in St. Mark's Church, Chicago, on September 27, 1923.

They are printed, upon the request of some who heard them, in the hope that they may prove useful to a larger circle within the Church. The hymns and prayers have been added, trusting that others may find them suggestive for use, either in private devotions or in public. A small group, say of two or three, may find it worth while in this way to keep a "quiet day" of their own, even without a director.

FIRST ADDRESS

The Heart of the Gospel

St. Matthew 11: 28-30: *"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."*

WE have chosen for the text of our meditations today a passage of perennial freshness and inexhaustible meaning. As one of the Church's greatest Biblical scholars, the late Dr. Sanday, once said, "Whoever has come to understand the meaning of this passage has penetrated to the very heart of the Gospel."

"Could we conceive," he asks, "such words put into any other lips, even the loftiest that the history of mankind has produced? They are full of delicate self-portraiture. They present to us a character which we may say certainly *was,* because it has been so described. No mere artist in words ever painted such a canvas without a living model before him. The portrait is of One who is 'meek and lowly in heart,' whose yoke is easy and His burden light; and yet He speaks of both yoke and

burden as 'His' in the sense of being imposed by Him; He invites men to 'come' to Him, evidently with a deep significance read into the phrase; He addresses His invitation to weary souls wherever such are to be found; and (climax of all!) He promises what no Alexander or Napoleon ever dreamt of promising to his followers, that He would give them the truly supernatural gift of rest—the tranquillity and serenity of inward peace in spite of the friction of the world; that all this should be theirs by 'coming' to Him."

Let us endeavor today to learn something of the deep meaning of these words of our Lord—words which contain an invitation, a command, and a promise.

An invitation: "Come unto Me."

A command: "Take My yoke upon you."

A promise: "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

And these three are one—the invitation cannot be accepted without obeying the command and receiving the promise; the command is explained and its authority is implied in the invitation and the promise; the promise is addressed to those who shall heed the invitation and obey the command. It is so in all the divine invitations, and commands, and promises. There is always something for us to realize, something for us to do in responding to God's invitations. The divine promises are to be fulfilled in us. Our wills are involved.

We must coöperate with God. "Our wills are ours—to make them Thine." This is what St. Augustine recognized, in the midst of his despair, when he uttered the heart-broken cry that rings out in his *Confessions*: "Give what Thou commandest—and command what Thou wilt!" We yearn for freedom, in a world that seems fast-bound by law, custom, habit; we long for rest, security, fixedness, in a world of constant change. But it is only in obedience that we shall find rest, security, peace. It is service to God which is the only "perfect freedom." "In His will is our peace," as Dante sang of the blest in Paradise, which he beheld through the loved eyes of Beatrice:

> ". . . . . It is inherent in this state
> Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within
> The Divine Will by which our wills with His
> Are one. So that as we, from step to step,
> Are placed throughout this kingdom, pleases all,
> Even as our King, *who in us plants His will;*
> *And in His will is our tranquillity*:
> It is the mighty ocean, whither tends
> Whatever it creates and nature makes."

I believe there is none of us who has not caught a glimpse, albeit as of "a land that is very far off," of the serenity and calm which we would like to make an every-day possession. I believe that each one of us has felt, some time or other, in some fleeting hour or passing moment, this spiritual sense of elevation, or exaltation above "the howling senses'

ebb and flow," the affairs of time, the vexations and fatigue of daily life. And we would make it ours permanently, if only we could discover how, or had the strength or skill to achieve it. Great poets, like Dante and Sophocles, Milton and Wordsworth, tell us of it—they also sensed it, whether or not they made it the possession of every day. Great artists, like Whistler and Corot, Leonardo and Michael Angelo, knew what it meant: the very atmosphere of their finest works pervades the room where the pictures hang—a sublime air of peace, calm, and permanence. Great music whispers to our inner ear the same attractive message, and casts upon our hearts an Orphic spell—there sweeps through the very fugues of Bach a subtle power, a majestic poise and certainty which refreshes the weary soul. And scientists tell us there is the same subtle, mysterious spell to be sensed in the search for truth in nature, in the study of astronomy, in higher mathematics: for the sciences, as Havelock Ellis has recently said, are ceasing to be dry compilations of formulae and are becoming arts once more.

Nevertheless, although our souls are refreshed and fed by noble works of art, by inspired poetry, by the pursuit of truth, what we most lack and chiefly covet, is that power realized in our own daily life. *We* are not calm and poised and serene, however much

these help us to realize and desire this spiritual possession. For our part,

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Our force is scattered and spent. "So much to do; so little done"—this is the epitome of our day's effort, the sad record of its failure: the words are an epitaph.

We look back upon former times, when life was "simpler," when tastes were different, and human aims were less difficult of achievement. "No wonder my grandmother could keep calm and serene, read her Bible daily, and knit by the fire when the children were all abed! She had no magazines to read, no copy of *Black Oxen* or *A Son at the Front* lying upon her sewing-table—nor any of the problems of those books bothering her sweet mind; and the children really were abed—not out at the movies, or dancing late and driving home in the car at midnight or one o'clock!" Yet I wonder if we do not idealize those times, and overlook the really strenuous, even painful, toil and anxiety which filled long days and occasioned wakeful nights. The children became ill: and doctors knew less than now about the arts of medicine. Clothes wore out, for even homespun had its limits of durability! People ate food in those days, and it took longer to prepare—with no factories turning it out ready to eat with "purity guaranteed." Wo-

man's work in the household, so economists tell us, has been wonderfully altered by the modern "Industrialization" of society: although it is doubtful if it has altered so much as man's. And the alteration, it would seem, has been in the way of simplifying, if anything, the labor of the household. "If, therefore, my grandmother could be serene and calm, with all her fatiguing work and care, then certainly *I* ought to be able to manage my household routine, arrange my daily program, so that I shall not be its weary slave, but mistress in my own domain!" That, I believe, is the right answer. It rests with us to discover and effect the means whereby our lives shall be calm, serene, harmonious, unified, strong, walled-about with peace, and roofed with shining battlements of praise. It is partly a question of *adjustment,* of arranging the outward course of our days so that time is provided for taking the yoke of Christ and learning of Him; and partly one of *attitude*, which is very important: the attitude of positively seeking what Christ promises us, of coming to Him and asking for it, of believing that peace is ours if we go about it in the right way.

Right here is the main difficulty for most of us: We don't really believe peace and harmony are attainable! We say to ourselves, "The high ethics of the spiritual life are too difficult for me; I wasn't born to be a saint; I can't aspire

to what is so far beyond my reach. . . . It is well for the saints; they found a high-road to blessedness. But I'm just an ordinary mortal, with lots to do and much to think about. If I were a nun, or a widow, or my children were grown up, or if I had no need to support myself by daily toil, then I might perhaps cultivate this interior peace, and try to attain inner harmony."

Such excuses are thoroughly human and natural, but they are only excuses: They represent the process which psychologists call "rationalizing"—i.e., making up a reason for what you already wish or don't wish to do. They are paralyzing, benumbing, will-destroying: don't indulge in them! . . . If anyone needs peace, it is you, with your burdens and responsibilities—not someone whose sheltered life may possibly be involving too much of calm—calm of one sort, at least. And if a good God made and cares for you, He has placed within your reach this boon which you scarcely dare to wish for. You say that the saints found peace "naturally" and went to heaven without effort. But you never made a greater mistake!

> "They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
> Through peril, toil, and pain:
> O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in their train."

Behold our Lord, the King of Saints. His peace you do not even contemplate, let alone

aspire to it; for you think He was God, and therefore did not need to acquire it. . . . But again you are mistaken! The Victory in the Desert, and the Triumph in Gethsemane, and before Herod, and on the Cross, were not won by magic, or by a supernatural power: their whole significance is in that they were won by *man,* as *man,* for *man.* This very passage which provides our text today is found in a remarkable, yet appropriate context. Jesus had just heard the faltering, hesitating query of the Baptist: "Tell us, art Thou He that cometh, or look we for another?" He was in the midst of a bitter controversy with the scribes and Pharisees, who accused Him of alliance with Beelzebub; He had announced impending persecution to His disciples: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul"—an iron counsel, indeed! "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: no, not peace, but a sword!" Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, like defecting provinces in the rear of a conqueror, had forgotten Him; the religious leaders of the nation had turned against Him. "And at that season"—what a time!—"at that season," Jesus "rejoiced in the Holy Spirit, and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes; yea, Father, for so it was well-pleasing in Thy sight." . . . "Come unto

Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." The peace of God, which passes all understanding, hid from the wise and prudent, this was *Jesus' own possession;* and it was something which He not only Himself enjoyed in the midst of danger and disappointment and distraction, but something which He could actually give to others! He could give it to others, He actually did give it to others (the proof is patent throughout the whole New Testament), who faced dangers and difficulties and distractions far more serious than any that you are likely ever to be called upon to face! Here was the extreme test, the severest possible trial, of the principle which, for Jesus Himself and for His truest followers, forms the heart of the Gospel. No more searching test will ever be made of the reality and possibility of interior peace than that which Jesus underwent; no more overwhelming proof will ever be offered than His victory.

We may say, then, that peace of soul and calmness, serenity, poise of mind, are not an unrealizable dream, something to which we dimly aspire but can never actually possess. It is to be found in union of our wills with God's will, found in Christ; it is not something automatic, or mechanical, or supernat-

ural, in the sense of being given without our coöperation: true, it "comes," but we must receive it, we must be ready for it. "Seek, and ye shall find." It was realized by our Lord, *as man,* and by His saints, whose hardships often vastly exceeded ours. The rush and hurry and excitement of modern life do not make it impossible; for all ages have had their problems, equally serious. And the worst obstacle in the way of its achievement is not our manifold interests and responsibilities; rather, it is our indifference, our unwillingness to seek it, the positive hindrance of our disbelief!

I think it worth while, now at the beginning of another year of "Church work," to pause and recollect ourselves, to examine our real aims and aspirations, and inquire how much or how little they represent the aims of our Lord and the aspirations by which He would have us live. Can we not rise to a higher level, this year, and, while we devote our energies to the holy cause of Christian Missions, remember constantly the highest cause and aim of all, the achievement and possession of "the mind of Christ"?—the very thing we would possess ourselves and give to the world through the Gospel. Done in the right spirit, our work will cease to be a burden . . . "for My yoke is easy and My burden is light, and ye shall find rest unto your souls"; even in the midst of work, rest. Missionary boxes and guild luncheons and the apportionment and house-

hold duties and all the varied responsibilities of Church and home will not bow down our spirits, weary us, tire us out, if only we live in communion with the fountain source of all spiritual power and peace, and let His strength radiate through our whole lives. "I have set the Lord alway before me," said the Psalmist. The Christian may say that too. With Christ alway before him, he ought to say that; and it is really easier, since God has made it easier, for us to do that than it was for the ancient Psalmist. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," it is easier, I say, to realize the peace of mind and soul which is the mark of inner certainty and power, and which the older evangelical preachers identified with "the full assurance of salvation," the mark of the true Christian disciple.

And now let us think, for a few moments before we close, upon the Person of our Lord. Let us try to imagine Him in the gracious reality of his Human-divine personality. Let us "set Him before" our minds, and think of nothing else as we think together upon Him. Let us think of Him as He reveals Himself in the words of our text: "Come unto Me . . . . for I am meek and lowly in heart . . . Take My yoke, and learn of Me." Dr. Sanday called these words a "portrait" of our Lord, a self-revealing utterance, by which our Master opens His very heart to us. A portrait is often truer

to life than a photograph, for the artist interprets the very character of his subject. Here the artist is our Lord Himself. . . . What impresses us chiefly as He stands before us? I think it is, first of all, His purity and transparency of goodness. I do not prefer those words: they are only the least inadequate we have. He is sinless; but He is *more* than sinless: for to say "sinless" is only a negative way of saying that sin and selfishness and sordidness being absent, the pure goodness and love and holy power of God shine out from Him without hindrance or obscurity. This does not mean that He is unreal, for we remember that He was "tempted in all points, even as we are, yet without sin." He possesses all our human instincts, yes, even the major instincts which psychologists call those of Self, Sex, and Society: yet none of these instincts in the slightest possesses Him. He is superior to them; they serve and obey His purposes. They are "sublimated" to the highest ends. There is no drain upon His powers. His inner life is not a conflict but a harmony, for He is at one with God. . . . . Therefore His life is effortless. The energy of the spirit is, in Him, transformed immediately and without loss into works of love and mercy and compassion. He never gets in His own way or stands in His own light. The divine life and light within Him radiates and vitalizes everything, everyone, with whom He comes in

contact. We touch Him, or only the hem of His garment, and are made whole. "My Lord and my God," we cry. And He replies, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." The power that is in Him and the power of God are one and the same. "I will, be thou clean"; "Go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee"; "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace"; "Take up thy bed, and walk." Like God, and as God, "He spake the word and it was done; He commanded and they were created." For Him merely to think, *Fiat lux, Fiat orbis, Fiat homo,* is to create. So near does Christ bring us to God, in attracting us to Himself, that we can think of Him only in terms of God, of His power only in terms of the creative will of God; and we think rightly.

Yet this is not all. For He does not reveal God to us, or reveal Himself to us as God, as an end in itself. It is not in order that we may say, "Lord, Lord," to Him that He comes to us and calls us to follow Him. "Many shall say unto me, 'Lord, Lord'; to whom I shall say, 'Depart; I never knew you.'" He became man that we might become like Him, and in and through Him achieve and realize sonship to God, and attain the peace and power of a life lived in God. There is something which He wishes us to know and to possess. As He stands before us, He longs to impart it to us. Yet we can never receive it unless we believe and seek and ask. He stands before us as He

stood before Peter who cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord"—which was just the wrong response! The disciple should not flee, but ask to be forgiven; ask for power to put out of his life what shames him; ask to be made strong and sinless and the perfect servant of his Lord, "whom his Lord loveth." We should ask Christ to make us worthy of our discipleship, and worthy to represent Him to others, to bring others to Him for healing and strength and peace.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus; cast out our sin, and enter in; make us partakers of Thy peace; for we will take Thy yoke upon us, and learn of Thee!

SECOND ADDRESS

The Personal Practice of the Christian Life

St. Matthew 11: 28-30: "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.*"

WE were thinking, this morning, about the general meaning of this passage, and its relation to our lives as a whole. I did not offer you any detailed explanation, or exegesis, of the text, but took, as sufficient indication of its meaning, the words of the scholar whom I quoted. The "rest" which Christ promised is not inaction, a "holiday" from labor, the endless Sabbath of another world as conceived by many toil-worn believers; rather, it is "the tranquility and serenity of inward peace in spite of the friction of the world." It is "peace in God"; it is the calm spirit in which He works; it is the poise of perfect power, the "unhasting, unresting" creative Strength and Wisdom of the Lord of all. The burdens with which souls are

"heavy laden" are not just "burdens of sin," not the cares and responsibilities of daily life; but the whole crushing weight of a sense of futility and ineffectiveness. More is expected of us than we can accomplish; the goal is farther than we can reach; goodness, virtue, the ideal of Christ, the demands of God, the control of our own natures with their cross-currents of motives and ambitions—all this is just too much for us. And Christ does not promise to take away the burden: "Think not that I came to destroy the Law"—He will not "let down the bars," and provide some short-cut to the kingdom of heaven. What He promises is rest—refreshment—strength sufficient to our needs, a yoke which will make the burden easy, and a burden which—thus borne—grows light.

I wish everyone here might read and profit by a book, of which I have lately profited much, *Psychology and the Christian Life*, by T. W. Pym, the head of Cambridge House, in England. He writes as a psychologist of the modern school, and as a Christian. He discusses in one chapter the psychology of Faith and Suggestion. "The faith of Jesus," he says, "surmounts temptation, casts out devils, and overcomes the world. The Church as a whole, and most Christians as individuals, have not that faith. Of course we all know of, and know personally, many persons who do not need psychology to convince them that Jesus

was right. They do not fuss or worry; they never quench smoking flax; they never complain; they always expect the best of everyone, and everyone always expects the best of them. They wield an influence out of all proportion to their brains, their education, and even their personal attractiveness in other ways. They have a driving force of character that is neither hard nor masterful. Five minutes with such a man is like a tonic, even though he only talks about the weather or the drains. It is the faith of Jesus that makes a man like this; yet even among the sincerest and most devoted Christians of today it is very rarely to be found."

Now that is what we mean by peace, or the "rest" of which Christ speaks in this passage —a peace which is founded upon perfect faith in God, a certainty of Him, an assurance that our efforts are not going to fail, even though in themselves and alone they are not enough to achieve the goal. We saw that peace in our Lord. It is written all over the record of His life in the Gospels. It strongly impressed the author of our first Gospel, though it is found in the other three; for St. Matthew quotes the prophecy of Isaiah and points out its fulfilment in our Lord:

"Behold, My servant whom I have chosen;
My beloved in whom My soul is well pleased:
I will put my Spirit upon Him,
And He shall declare judgment to the Gentiles."

Christ is to be a judge of the nations,—stern and severe and inexorable? Ah, no!—

"He shall not strive, nor cry aloud;
Neither shall anyone hear His voice in the streets.
A bruised reed shall He not break,
Nor quench the smoking flax,
Till He send forth judgment unto victory.
And in His name shall the Gentiles hope."

This picture of the Messiah, taken from the Old Testament, is one dear to the heart of the Christian evangelist, and one in which we cannot fail to recognize the features of our Lord.

The question now comes to us, "How are we to obtain this gift? By what method must we set about gaining it?"

Right here, I believe, the "new psychology," i.e., the modern study and analysis of human nature, helps us to understand the teaching of Christ and the experience of the early Christians. Our Christianity today, as it has been for centuries, is too greatly influenced by a view of life not at all that of our Lord. The ancient Stoic ethics were early grafted on to the teaching of Christ, in the Church's presentation of that teaching; and the Stoic view of life finds its counterpart and reinforcement in the modern idea of life as a struggle, a warfare, a long battle. "Go forward, Christian soldier!" we sing; "The Son of God goes forth to war"; "Onward, Christian soldiers"; "Fight the good fight"—and so on. The whole militarist notion of Christianity is Stoic—derived

from the religio-ethical philosophy of a military empire, Rome—and does not belong to Christ at all. Nowhere in His teaching do you discover it, though, of course, it is found in St. Paul, who was a Roman citizen, a great traveller, an adventurer, and a "warrior for the faith." Instead of such figures, our Lord chose parables from nature: seed-planting, trees growing, leaven spreading; and from the fishing industry, the common tasks of the household, sewing, mending grinding, baking, lamp-trimming, candle-lighting, the play of children, the serving of meals, sweeping the floor! The only battle He mentioned is one that perhaps didn't take place—after the prudent general reckoned his resources! Our hymnals are full of lusty religious war-songs because we think of Christianity in those terms; and we think of the Christian religion in those terms because our fathers did before us—we inherit a tradition, that is all. Of course, there is a sense in which the figure is justified: but not the constant emphasis upon it which we so frequently discover. I believe we might take home the counsel of Emerson, who wrote in his *Spiritual Laws*: "When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel and say, 'Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to all his native devils.'" And he adds, "The lesson is forcibly

taught . . . that our life might be much easier and simpler than we make it, that the world might be a happier place than it is, that there is no need of struggles, convulsions, and despairs, of the wringing of the hands, and the gnashing of the teeth; that we miscreate our own evils. We interfere with the optimism of nature, for whenever we get this vantage-ground of the past, or of a wiser mind in the present, we are able to discern that we are begirt with spiritual laws which execute themselves."

The Christian life is not, we must say it boldly, it is not, primarily, a fight, a struggle, a battle; it is primarily and essentially a new life, in which the old life of struggle and effort is *ended*; it is a new life in God, in Christ, in the Holy Spirit. The Christian is "a new man in Christ"; he is reborn, "risen-again," he already lives in the new world of God's triumphant kingship over nature, and over human nature. "Old things have passed away; behold, I make all things new." He lives in Christ, and the power of Christ overcomes in him those obstacles which his former efforts could never remove. He "can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." In him, virtue is no longer "a grunting resistance to all his native devils"; it comes naturally, and gently, and powerfully, as the tree puts forth its leaves, or the sap flows, or the rain falls—tons of water splashing down onto the

meadow or lighting upon the blades of grass, yet so gently that it is like far-off music to the ear!

"But how," you say, "how is this brought to pass? Tell us, have you ever experienced this, or is it only a dream of what one could wish might be?"

It is more than a dream. It is what thousands of men and women have discovered, a solid, real fact of life. And they tell us, moreover, how it is done. And what they tell us, I believe, leads straight to the method of Christ our Lord.

In the first place one must have *faith.* "Oh, yes," we say, "I will have faith. I will believe just as hard as I can. I will try my best to believe all that I find in the Bible, or that the Church tells me, about God, and myself, and the future life." . . . No; that is scarcely the way! Faith is not so "hard" as all that. Nor need one cease to discriminate, or to use his reason. God gave us our reason, and we must use it; not abuse it. Indeed, *reason* will help us! It brings us to the very threshold of faith! For reason helps us to discover God, in whom we are to repose faith. The trouble, I fear, is that we do not use reason enough. We do not apply right reason, or sufficient reason, to ourselves and the problems of our own minds and lives. And our faith—which is not really faith at all!—we use only to excuse our mistakes and failures. As Pym has

said: "When things go wrong we worry; when things go badly wrong, we 'fall back' upon our beliefs; having exhausted our own efforts on God's behalf ('carrying the world on our shoulders—not His'), and failed, we suddenly remember His promises: 'Well, after all, God is working His purposes out; His will must be done all right in the end.' Thus the commonest way in which men use faith in Christ is not as a power that shall make their efforts for Him successful, but as a consolation for the failure of those efforts. With some, such a consolation may become a drug; they seem to succeed so little; let God do it."

Faith should come first, not last. And reason will help us, as I said. Let us take an example: the method can be applied to any situation. I am engaged upon a task which is worth doing, and worth doing well: let us say, teaching a Sunday school class, or leading a guild. I am tired. The repeated efforts I have made seem to result in no visible success. I undertook this task with enthusiasm. For several months, now, my enthusiasm has been gone. I take up my task without spirit, like a drudge. It is occupying precious time that I would like to devote to some pursuit of my own; let us say, the reading of Thackeray or Turgenieff this winter. Pretty soon I begin to tell myself that I'm not much of a teacher anyway; and why not let someone with more pedagogic gifts, and more patience, take

my class? Then I miss a Sunday or two, and I hope, down in my heart, that the Sunday school Superintendent or the Rector will just ignore me and get someone else for the class.

Now that isn't using reason! Nor faith! It's simply "rationalizing," making excuses to one's self, trying "to make the worse appear the better reason."

What does Reason tell me?—It tells me that all these excuses spring from a self-centered view of life. I am trying to live for myself alone. My pleasures come first, not my opportunities for service to others. God has given me work to do for Him, which He will bless, if sincerely and conscientiously performed. But I am trying to measure its effectiveness with some foot-rule of my own, unable to see the hidden growth of the seed beneath the soil, the subtle processes of the nurture of growing spiritual lives in my scholars. Reason tells me, Have faith—in God: have patience—like God. And so I will, if I follow Reason. I will say to myself: "This is God's work; I am His fellow-worker, sharer in His task. I will be patient and hopeful and courageous. I will keep on, and not give up. For I know that God can use me, will use me, is using me, for His purposes; and if I fail, His work, in that degree must suffer."

Now that is faith, simple as it may seem. It isn't hard to use! It isn't contrary to reason! But it means resting back upon the

strength of God, trusting in His wisdom, letting Him use us. Merely fighting with yourself, driving yourself to an unpleasant task, is not half so likely to be effective as trusting in God, making His will your will, trusting His wisdom and power, relying upon His Spirit.

Now the same principle is as true in the conquest of all habits and instincts as in this simple case of the tired Sunday school worker. Suppose I have a bad way of speaking to an employee, my maid or cook or janitor; or suppose that my work brings me in daily contact with someone for whom I have a "natural antipathy," someone who always "grates upon my nerves." If I must have conversation with that person, sooner or later I fall into a manner which is pretty close to "nagging." I don't want to do it, and I try not to do it. But my self-instinct, or some form of my social-instinct, stands squarely in the way. Unconsciously, and without purpose, I begin taking the lowest possible estimate of that person. Without knowing or intending it, I begin misreading their motives. I dislike him, or her, and wrench loose from its context whatever he or she says and does. [Nations do that way, sowing the seeds of hatred of which the harvest is war; and so do individuals.] Some day I shall awake to the fact that I positively hate his person, without any reason in the

world: it all began as a small dislike, and grew until now it is a terrible burden upon my soul. I can't go to Holy Communion, since I am not "in charity with my neighbors." I tug away at this hatred, or try to raise myself above it; I know it is petty, and unworthy; but that makes no difference. I'm like a man trying to lift himself by his boot-straps. What can I possibly do about it?

Reason tells me that the beginnings of this hatred, or of this habit of scolding, were petty and insignificant: she hung her hat on my hook at the office; she left the screen-door open; she—or he—took the newspaper before I had time to glance at it—thoroughly petty, shamefully insignificant beginnings!

Reason tells me that at least I might try the method of Dr. Johnson who, when irritated by the conversation of a fellow-member at the club, "withdrew his attention and thought about Tom Thumb." Reason also tells me that this person is just as really a child of God as I am, is an immortal soul, garbed in flesh, even as I, and will probably make just as important a member of God's everlasting kingdom as I—perhaps better. Reason tells me also that my evil habit injures me more than anyone else, more even than it hurts this other person, who may be callous and not sensitive, and used to hard knocks. But reason cannot make me love that person!—no, but faith can.

For faith puts us in contact with God; His love becomes ours; we begin to see with His eyes; we begin to love with His love. That person, whom I'll be hating very soon if I'm not careful, is one whom God may mean me to serve and help—and in helping him or her, save myself!

Faith is a power by which we undergird the ship, as St. Paul's sailors did in the storm off Malta. Faith is the act whereby we rest back upon God's power, and feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms." Faith submerges our will in the divine will and yields us a power miraculous and hitherto undreamed.

It is of no use to beat down your instincts; they must be taken hold of and transformed, spiritualized, "sublimated" by the divine will —this is no fancy, but verifiable fact. Even the grossest, most savage, most degrading outbursts of animal passion are usually only the explosive manifestations of misguided, or unguided, natural instincts. Let them be transformed by faith and union with God, and those instincts will serve a useful purpose; they may even become holy, and "fit for the Master's use." Combatting them will not do it, without faith. But faith will do it; "for with men all things are not possible, but with God all things are possible."

We need not be surprised, moreover, if physical health, health of the body, as well as men-

tal health, results from this method of living in God, uniting our wills to His, viewing life from His standpoint, and permitting the healing forces of His creative will to flow without hindrance through our whole being, spirit, soul, and body.

I think we are often like the man who fell over a cliff, one dark night in the mountains, and clung to a branch for hours, until the morning light arose and he saw below him, only a few feet, a firm, safe ledge upon which he might walk and regain his path. If only sometimes we could let go, relax, and rely upon God! "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts!"

Now the person whose heart is full of faith will naturally live close to God, and will acquire a spirit in his daily life which reflects the goodness and love of God. He will not indulge in that petty vice of blaming others for all misfortunes, and excusing himself—sometimes a fault of childhood, grown large and repulsive, like some physical deformity, in later years. Nor will he play upon the faults and weaknesses of others, thereby encouraging and sharing their sin. No man or woman can use others, or let others be of use to them, for the doing of things their own code forbids. No social usage, or custom, no system or habit which requires the moral sacrifice of persons "lower in the social scale"—the "boot-legger,"

the "fixer" at court, the "driver" of toiling children—is justifiable for one instant in God's sight.

Nor will the man or woman of faith be one who goes about suggesting evils. You see two men on the sidewalk, one holding a heavy chisel, the other wielding a sledge-hammer, cutting a hole in the cement. If the hammer slips, the one with the chisel may be maimed for life, if not killed outright. Suppose you step up and say, "What will happen if you miss a stroke?" Psychologically viewed, and religiously, too, I believe, you are committing a crime! That suggestion is a real force. It has to be checked, banished, thought down by the man with the hammer. You are raising the percentage of probability that he will miss his stroke some day and injure his fellow. Now, that illustrates what I mean. There are persons who seem to take delight (they know no better, of course) in suggesting evils: especially, it seems, to children. How many a child has suffered unfounded fears, of the police, of dogs, of the dark, just because of some foolish suggestion, planted in the mind in the most suggestible period of infancy! The same thing takes place in race-relations. Suggest that colored persons, or Mexicans, or Belgians, are dishonest or unreliable, and you have set in motion a mental force that you can never quite check, correct, or recall. The same principle holds in moral development. Tell a boy,

often enough, that he is a bad boy, and he will believe it, and act accordingly. But tell him that he is a good boy; that he wants to be good; and he will believe it, and act accordingly.

You may try it upon yourself—and the principle works there too. Call yourself a child of God; believe that God cares for you, and that all the tangled threads of your life are slowly fabricating some real, intelligible tapestry, which God alone sees just now; that all things really are "working together for good"; and you will find that you not only act accordingly, but that a new buoyancy and elation, a freshness of vigor, a new sense of vitality are yours. You have broken down some part of that needless wall of separation between yourself and God. The tides of ocean now sweep into the little land-locked bay of you! You can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth you. Nothing can "happen" to you: God cares for you, and He will see to that.

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

Nor will power fail you when you really need it: it is there, the boundless reserve of God. Nor wisdom, if you follow His guidance: "it is not you that shall speak, but the Holy

Spirit, in that hour." Nor patience, nor love, nor self-control; none of these shall fail, if only you have faith. "Believest thou?—All things are possible to him that believeth!"

THIRD ADDRESS

The Social Goals of the Christian Religion

St. Matthew 11: 28-30: *"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."*

IT may have seemed an hour ago as if we were about to identify Christian discipleship with the practice of the "new psychology"—suggestion and auto-suggestion. But we took that only as a method or example of exercising reason and faith. We scarcely entered into the details of its practice (which I believe, however, is salutary for most persons); we simply adopted its underlying principle as a way leading to Christ, the way of preparation to receive His gifts and realize His promises. Faith will "remove mountains," our Lord said. We have scarcely begun to appreciate what He meant, or to test the power which He assured us is ours if only we will use it. Such faith, as Jesus taught it and exercised it, is illimitable in its possibilities, both for our own personal "edification," and for the betterment of the

world in which we live, for it brings men under the influence of the Infinite Power and Wisdom of God. And if we are ever to attain that peace and harmony, that "rest" in the midst of activity which our Lord promised, faith is the first and most important step for us to take. Without faith it is impossible; with faith, "all things are possible." For faith, like the delicate instrument on the radio receiver, puts us "in tune" with currents of spiritual energy, of power and peace, which come from Him.

It may also have seemed that we are about to conclude that prayer, which is the natural expression of faith in a living Person, greater than ourselves, invisible, but whom we may and do actually know—that prayer is only a form of "suggestion." I believe that prayer does have the value of suggestion, and that for this reason psychologists recommend it (to such persons as are able to use it); but true prayer itself is something far more than suggestion. It includes this value, but it is not limited to it. George Meredith once finely said: "He who rises from his knees a better man, his prayer has been answered." All prayer should have that result, to make us better. But prayer, after all, is something higher than this. It "elevates the heart and mind to God"; it affects us, but it also affects the whole world, and changes the universe in which we live: just as the flowing of a tiny

brook in some infinitesimal degree affects the waters of the ocean. And it reaches God. We do not say that prayer changes God, that it alters His will or His plans, as if He were some indulgent parent who could be wheedled and coaxed into granting what otherwise He would withhold; but, since God grants us freedom of choice, there is a sense in which God's plans are contingent upon our coöperation with Him. Our readiness to do His will makes possible a better and quicker method, so to speak, by which His ends may be achieved. Without our faith, our obedience, the submission of our wills to His perfect Wisdom, some other way, a slower, more circuitous, more painful way must be taken to the goals of God's working. What is prayer, then, in the highest definition, but union of our wills with His, the acceptance of His plan and purpose, the merging of our endeavors in His all-wise, all-holy, all-powerful Toil? The disciple can say, with his Lord: "My Father worketh . . . and I work"—with Him and for Him.

Such considerations as these help us to realize in our prayer-life the "mind of Christ" manifested in our comfortable word: "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." We must not besiege the throne of grace with "vain repetitions"; "for your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."

The true prayer is Christ's, "Thy will be done," which He taught His disciples on the mountain, and which came naturally to His lips in the hour of anguish in the Garden: "Father, not My will but Thine be done." That prayer begins to be answered the second it is uttered, and our wills are made His!

Oh, what could God not do with us, and with human society, and with this whole vast world about us, if only we had sufficient faith for Him to work with! if only we ceased blocking His paths! if only our wills were united to His will, our minds guided by His wisdom, our hearts filled with His love! Then would come the true millennium, when "God should dwell among His people and be their God," and set up His eternal tabernacle "with men," and "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!"

And then, for our part, we should begin "to know, even as we are known." Matthew Arnold has described the beginning of this process in majestic, simple words:

"The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase

That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."

The consciousness of God; the realization of nearness to God; the sense of unity, of union, with Him; the calm, assured "resting back" upon His infinite goodness and power—this is the secret of peace. All other methods are but halfway stages; they do not lead to the ultimate and inalienable peace of soul which God alone can give and which nothing, in this world or any other, can wholly disturb or destroy. As Frederic Myers wrote:

"Whoso hath felt the vision of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea, with one voice though thou, O world, deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

"Who that one moment has the least descried Him
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that [illegible], –

"Yea, amid all men bear himself thereafter,
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn, and turning to their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes."

I have endeavored to make these meditations practical. When I spoke to one of your

members recently about our Quiet Day, and inquired what would be the most useful or most needful subject for consideration, she replied: "Tell us how to practise our religion day by day." Then she told me that the most practical sermon she ever heard was one by a Roman Catholic Bishop at a Confirmation service, when he told the mothers present how to find time for prayer in their busy days: "As soon as the children are off for school in the morning, and the house is quiet, before you clear the table or start to wash the breakfast dishes, kneel down right where you are and say the *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria*. Don't put it off, or you'll forget to say them!"

I wish we might be equally practical today. We don't find time, because we don't take time, to cultivate the spiritual life, to express our faith in God, to speak to Him and hear Him speak to us. It may be that we undertake too much: we think "devotions" mean reading a whole chapter of the Bible, or several prayers, or the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the day. Naturally, we think it harder to give ten minutes, or twenty, than to give five, or two. But why say ten prayers, or read a whole chapter? Begin with one prayer, or a single verse. And as you go about your work repeat that verse, or that prayer, until its meaning stands out in radiancy of light and your soul is filled with the spirit of it. Don't be too ambitious, in beginning. A good

priest, whom I know, once counselled the women of his congregation to spend all of Sunday in prayer and meditation! I don't know who served his Sunday dinner, or whether the beds got made on that day in the week, or not. Perhaps he didn't have any Sunday dinner; and I don't think he ever thought of those household duties which are proverbially "never done." But don't be discouraged if you cannot devote hours to the practice of religion; you couldn't use them to advantage if you tried, at the start. Prayer and meditation are progressive arts; begin with minutes; the hours can wait until you are ready for them.

Let me say it, as clearly and positively as possible, you must take time to live your faith. If you do not, it will weaken and, perhaps, in the end, disappear. Faith is no plant that grows by itself, unwatered and untended, like a weed. Vices grow that way: credulity and superstition and bigotry and selfishness and what used to be called "worldliness"—"the love of the world, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life." But Faith and Love and Hope and Simplicity and Generosity and that sensitiveness to the Spirit, which is the very opposite of worldliness, must be carefully nurtured and cared for, if they are to grow and flourish and be fit for transplanting to the Garden of the Lord.

The widespread indifference to religion, which we see all about us today, is not due,

I feel sure, to the badness of people. There is, rather, a kind of carelessness, a failure to realize the importance of religion, which lies at the bottom of it. The world is so much with us: our other engagements and responsibilities are so numerous that our spiritual engagements and responsibilities are overlooked. This is a danger which we all face. It invades the Christian home. How much of home-religion, of the conscious, obvious, recognized practice of faith and worship are your children experiencing, this week, today? You would be ashamed if their home-life failed to impress upon them a genuine gentility of manners, so that they had to buy some book upon etiquette when they became old enough to realize their lack; or if they failed to acquire a high and honorable standard of morals, a code of manliness and womanliness which will act as a secret mentor all their lives long. But will you not be ashamed if they cease to worship God, cease to pray, cease to look upon life as something holy and sacred, fresh from the Creator's hands, when they grow older and leave your roof? I think so! I know fathers and mothers to whom this is one of the saddest of experiences, to see their sons and daughters "drift away" from Church and religion. Well, you must take time for religion right now, in their infancy and youth; "take time to be holy," as the gospel hymn puts it; or else you may have to face the consequences

later on and admit the failure of your efforts with your children on the very level where success or failure is most important, for time and for eternity. The Church, the Sunday school, the clergy—these cannot accomplish what they should, single-handed and alone, without the coöperation of the home. They teach religion; but it is the visible practice of it at home which supplies the compelling authority and sense of reality which the child needs. For religion is a life, not a theory: it must be lived to be learned. And, after all, every one, child or adult, lives most, and most truly, most deeply and really, in his home.

As we stand on the hill-top, with our Lord, and look abroad, the horizon widens till we see the far-reaching applications of His teaching to the whole of human life. We see new meanings, hitherto unrecognized, in His message. We have not more than begun, today, to draw out the significance of the single text we have chosen for our meditations. For example, we have not even mentioned, thus far, the social applications of the "comfortable word"; and yet they are so obvious that many persons think of them first of all, when they hear the saying of Christ. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden"—what does that mean, they ask, if not something for the oppressed toilers of the world? Christ was a workingman; He called workingmen to follow Him; His kingdom was promised to the

poor, the unfortunate, the victims of aggression and injustice.

Yes, the social application is there, implicit in the very words of our Lord; though I doubt if it was what He primarily meant. There is no limit to the extension of Christ's principle. Like the energy of light, it travels on and on, by universal spherical expansion unto the farthest realms of space, "beyond the flaming ramparts of the world." The spiritual life is central; the social life is peripheral, a larger, outer circle or globe surrounding it. And, beginning in the spiritual, the transforming energies of Christ must radiate outward in every direction until the whole of life be transformed. Christ's "kingdom" is the kingship of the Divine Will, "on earth as it is in heaven": "Thy will be done." It is the outward and visible realization of the inward and spiritual sovereignty, eternity, goodness, truth, of God. Strange and impossible as some of the commands of the gospel sound to those who are accustomed to the manners and standards of this present world, "impractical" as they seem—e.g., "love your enemies," "lend without interest," "swear not at all"—we can nevertheless imagine a world, dominated by the spirit of Christ, in which such commands would not only be ordinary common-sense, but indeed be enforced by common consent, the legislative rules by which society governs itself.

Herein lies the hope of the world as a social organism—the order in which human beings, at the present stage of their evolution, after some fashion live together, work, trade, buy and sell, defend their rights and struggle onward towards greater liberty and happiness. We realize that somehow, some day, there must be devised a better system of production and distribution than the present one, a more just organization of industry, a fuller expression, socially, of the principle, "all for each and each for all." Our democracy, thus far, is little more than a dream. We are only beginning to realize some of the prodigious problems in the way of its perfect attainment. Society must somehow be got out of the jungle; once and for all we must definitely leave behind us our forest-dwelling ancestors and their code of "let the stronger possess," "let the victim suffer," "arms belong to him that can wield them." We must uproot and destroy the old predatory instinct, so deeply embedded in human nature, and still so strong today. So far as I can see, there is no other solution of this problem, no other way out of the jungle for the human race than the practice of the ethics of Jesus. And to do that requires a new spirit in man, the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of love, gentleness, humility, patience, generosity—the "Holy Spirit." A spiritual transformation must be effected before a social revolution—of the right sort, winning permanent gains for the

human race—can be successfully brought to pass.

And if you say, "What part have I in such a plan? How can I possibly do anything to transform society, and bring in a better day of peace and justice?" the answer is right at hand. First, as we said, the transformation must work from within outward: first, the inner spirit, then, the outer organization of society; and you can strengthen and cultivate that spirit in your own life, to the highest degree of which you are capable. The new spirit can spread through society only as individuals and families are transformed. It may take a long time; but that is how God works, and God is infinitely patient. Then, secondly, you can share in the spread of Christ's kingdom through the work of missions. Every hour of time, every dollar of money, every stitch of sewing that you contribute, as members of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Department of Missions, is helping towards the goal. For the aims of modern Christian missions are social as well as individual. "Betterment," "welfare," on a community and sometimes even on a national scale, are part of their lofty purpose. World-citizenship, world-fellowship, world-peace are bound to be among the choice fruits of the Christian missionary program, in the foreign field and at home as well, if that program succeeds in the coming generations. And, finally, there is your own home, your

children, your intimate circle of friendships, for the consecration of which to the ends of God, for the religious nurture and education of whom, you are immediately responsible. Women of today, far more than men, bear this responsibility upon their shoulders. Whatever the wife and mother makes it, such is the home. The stamp of character which she places upon her children is a far deeper and more lasting one, I do believe, than that of the husband and father—who is away all day at the office or shop. Men are all for politics, for business, for legislation, for high schemes of human betterment (or at least the welfare of their own families and communities, as they see it). For thus is our modern society organized. But if for one generation women should refuse the petty tasks, the routine industry of the household, the patient, self-sacrificing duties of rearing and educating their children, society would collapse. I am not saying, with the late German emperor, that *Kinder, Kirche, Küche*—children, Church, and kitchen—represent woman's sphere; but I would have women "magnify their office." All our hopes for improved education, social betterment, purer politics, economic justice, rest, in the final analysis, upon the bed-rock foundation of home-nurture and home-ideals for which women, far more than men, are responsible. Women have the creation of a new society within their control. Let them make it after the divine pattern re-

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vealed in Christ! Why do men hesitate to adopt Christ's ideal in society, in industry and commerce and international relations? As Dr. Bernard Bell has recently said, It is not because they don't know how to do it, but because they lack the nerve. It is for women to supply that "nerve." The mothers of heroes in all ages have supplied it, to the heroes in battle, the heroes of freedom, the heroes of medicine, of science. Let them supply the "nerve" for a new order of heroism—the heroism to put in common practice what Jesus taught, for the salvation of organized human society!

As your work lies there, so there also will you find the way appearing which leads to God, "steps unto heaven." God is always so near to us that any and every true task leads us to Him. Don't let us say, "My work interferes with my devotion." *Laborare est orare*: to work, in the right spirit, is to pray. Chiefly, above all other tasks, is this true of the home. Love is the tie that binds the home together; love makes possible, nay, easy, the sacrifices one must make for it; love brings its own rewards, whatever toil and pain it may involve. And, as Dean Inge has beautifully said, "All human love is a holy thing, the holiest thing in our experience. It is the chief mode of initiation into the mysteries of the divine life, the most direct point of contact with the nature of our Creator. 'He prayeth best who loveth best.' Pure affection 'abides' in a sense in which noth-

ing else abides. It is rooted in the eternal, and cannot be destroyed by any of the changes and chances of mortal life. It is a relation between immortal spirits, which in the eternal world are united together solely by likeness of nature; so that death not only makes no break in the ties of pure affection, but liberates it from adventitious obstacles which at present only impede its free action and dull its radiance. When we know even as we are known, we shall know our friends and be known by them, to a degree which we cannot imagine now. In that better world, as Plotinus says, 'All is transparent: no shadow there obstructs the view; all spirits see each other and penetrate each other to the depths. Light is recognized by light.'" Or, as Dante exquisitely puts it, "There I saw the scattered leaves of all the universe bound into one volume by Love," the Love which "moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

And so let us take our Lord's yoke upon us, from this day forth, and learn of Him. It is a yoke of faith, first of all, and of humility and trust; it is a yoke for bearing burdens and making them light; it is a yoke of hope, for ourselves and for a better world here and now, for our children and for our children's children, and for that world which is to come; and it is a yoke of love, which binds us to God, and in Him to each other, even our nearest and dearest, and also to those farther away

("in Him shall all the families of the earth be blessed")—love, which brings its own reward, and contains within itself the assurance of eternity, since nothing can destroy it. It is a yoke of faith, of hope, and of love: "and the greatest of these is love" . . . love which reaches its consummation in Christ, who teaches love and who *is* Love, as one of the early Fathers said.

Let us hear once more from His lips the words of invitation, of command, and of promise: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden light."

Oh, let us come to Him, and do as He bids us, that He may do for us what He promises!

SUGGESTED PRAYERS AND HYMNS

If possible, let the "Day" begin with a celebration of the Holy Communion, after which the following program may be followed:

Hymn 120, "Dear Lord and Father of mankind."

V. The Lord be with you.
R. And with thy spirit.
V. Let us pray.

O God, who dost bid us come into Thy presence and be still, and know that Thou art God; and who dost promise to be in the midst, wheresoever two or three are gathered together in Thy name; Be with us this day, and help us to realize Thy presence; grant that we may forget, for the time, whatever might hinder our devotion or deafen our ears to the still, small voice of Thy Spirit. Bless the words that shall be spoken; bless still more those which are unsaid, the thoughts and petitions of Thy servants as they kneel before Thee to speak unto Thee and to hear Thy voice. Bless each family, each household, each parish represented here; and grant us so to profit by this day that we may go forth with renewed faith and strength to do Thy will and to share with others Thy manifold gifts. Open our eyes to behold Thee in Thy beauty; open our ears to hear Thy voice; fill our hearts with the joy of Thy presence; guide our minds to holy and true thoughts: that so, rising above the disquietude of this world, we may know and serve Thee better; to whom be

glory for ever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Veni Creator (Prayer Book, p. 528).

First Address

Collect for the 21st Sunday after Trinity.
Collect for the Feast of the Transfiguration.
Collect for Peace (Evening Prayer).
[Noonday Prayer for Missions, if near 12 o'clock].
Hymn 247, "Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us."

Second Address

Collect for Purity (Prayer Book, p. 222).
Collect for Peace (Morning Prayer).
Collect for the 4th Sunday after Trinity.
Collect for the 6th Sunday after Trinity.
Hymn 493, "O Master, let me walk with Thee."

Third Address

Collect for Easter.
Collect for the 4th Sunday after Easter.
Prayer for Christian Service (Prayer Book Commission Report).
Prayer for Every Man in his Work (Prayer Book Commission Report).
[Office of Intercession for the Church's Missions].
The Blessing.
Hymn 29, "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended."

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